

My Three Treasures.

A flower, exquisite to behold,
Once in my garden bloomed;
With fragrance rare,
It filled the air.
And all my life perfumed.

An angel plucked my treasured flower,
And bore it up to heaven,
Its beauty rare
Unfolding there;
'Twas only lent, not given.

A lovely little olive plant
Beside my table grew,
With gentle grace,
And angel face,
Exceeding fair to view.

The blight of sin, the dear Lord said,
Its beauty soon would dim:
I loved it well,
But said farewell,
And gave it back to Him.

One morn a tiny birdie came
And nestled on my breast;
And, folded there,
With loving care,
It sought no other rest.

My birdie with me yet remains,
To cheer me with her song;
Each day I pray
And "Father," say,
"Her precious life prolong,
To bless and brighten all my home,
One little beam of sun!"

Yet still I pray
For grace to do,
"Father, Thy will be done."

A STORY SUCCESSFULLY TOLD.

Pretty, plump Mrs. Archibald Steele wrote the following paragraph in one of her letters to her husband the other day.

"John must come down here at once, whether you can spare him or not. Our dear little Laura is greatly taken with a tall, thin young man, with a hooked nose and thin lips, called Stuyvesant. It is whispered about the hotel that he is a very good match, and has the veritable blue blood of the old Dutch governor in his veins. I must say it has a queer way of showing itself, for the young man is as pale as a spectre; and dressed in that white duck, with his sunken eyes and bilious skin, is enough to frighten one. I have grown to hate him, while Laura is growing to do quite the contrary. I'm afraid. All the evening he leans up against the wall, never dancing, or opening his mouth save to give vent to some hateful narcotic criticism upon the scene around him, and yet dear little Laura's eyes—as, indeed, all the other pretty eyes about—are perpetually beseeching him for attention. In the daytime he is always with a long black horse, that covers more ground with its legs when it is going than any animal I ever saw. When Laura goes out to drive behind it, and vanishes out of sight with the bony creature, I tremble to think how dreadful it would be if our dear little girl should ever become part and parcel of this wretched man and his wicked beast. So I think John had better come down at once; I just long to see his handsome face and hear his honest voice, and I think it is about time John should tell his little story to Laura, and have things settled comfortably."

Mr. Archibald Steele smiled when he put the letter of his wife into his waistcoat pocket, and picking up the morning paper, scanned through his gold-rimmed spectacles the news of the day. Finding nothing therein to ruffle the exceedingly satisfactory condition of his affairs, he put it down, and smiled again as only a prosperous, contented, down-town merchant can smile. He was one of those happy exceptions to the ordinary rule of mortals, with whom everything went well. His whole appearance was an exclamation point to that effect. If he ventured a little hazily in trade, fortune trimmed her sails to favor him. If he set his heart upon anything relating to domestic facility, all the elements of art and nature conspired to bring it about. So when he stepped to the door of the office and beckoned to a young man with a strip of commercial paper in his hand and a pencil behind his ear, with that general air of briskness and shrewdness about him that betokened a successful merchant in embryo, Mr. Steele smiled a third time, with the air of one who was not at all afraid of any bilious, blue-blooded obstacle that might be thrown in the path of a domestic happiness which he firmly believed had been arranged by an omnipotent hand.

"John," said Mr. Steele, closing the door of his private office, and looking upon his young clerk benevolently, "I've got an order here from Mrs. Steele, which I wish you would attend to."

"Certainly, sir," said John. "Shall I go out and get the articles myself?"

"Why, the fact is, John," said the merchant, enjoying his joke more and more, "it's only one article—a rather bulky one. It was bargained for long ago. I think you will have to go with it, John."

"Down to the seashore?" said John, getting a little hot and frustrated. "Is it a valuable parcel, sir?"

"Well, perhaps your natural modesty may depreciate its worth, John. Mrs. Steele and I think a good deal of it, and Laura too—I'm sure she does. The commodity is yourself, John. Mrs. Steele wants you to go down and take a little holiday there."

When the name of Laura was mentioned, the young man's face grew more frustrated and hot than before.

"You are very kind, sir," he said, "and Mrs. Steele is always more like an angel than a woman."

"Rather solid and plump for that," interposed Mr. Steele, but liking the phrase nevertheless.

"But it is simple madness," pursued John, "to dream of further happiness than I enjoy now—your affection and that of your wife, my position here; I don't dare, I can't hope for anything more. Oh, Mr. Steele, I can't tell her my story, sir. She would shrink from me with horror and aversion, she is so young, so beautiful. Let me at least enjoy the present."

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IV.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 2, 1875.

NUMBER 48.

"And in the meantime some cadaverous, bilious, blue-blooded scoundrel will carry her off from us all!"

Then John's face grew pale and stern. "If there is the slightest feeling upon her part for—anyone else, then, indeed, Mr. Steele, my case is hopeless."

The commercial paper fluttered from his hand, the pencil fell from his ear; he leaned his head against the desk and trembled.

"Why, who would suppose you could be such a coward?" said Mr. Steele, impatiently. "You shall go down with me this very day."

All the way to the seashore John's face wore the look of one who had resolved to storm a deadly breach, but who did not hope to survive the attempt.

Even the ocean, when it confronted them, wore a threatening look. Upon the horizon a pile of clouds formed a background wan and gloomy, a great black mist lay in the zenith, a dense red vapor almost touched the water.

"A very nasty sea," said Mr. Steele. John sniffed it, his eyes dilating, his broad shoulders expanding, his head high in the sea-scented air.

A tramp on the wet, hard sand, and like a meteor, a long black horse shot by, disappearing in the mist, leaving for John the memory of a charming head, crowned with blonde curling hair, two kind eyes bent upon his own, a white waving hand extended in salutation.

"John," said Mr. Steele, "did you see the face of that man? I count upon your saving Laura. Did you see his thin, cruel lips, his treacherous eyes?"

"I only saw Laura, sir," said John, simply.

Later on, Mr. Archibald Steele and his plump, pretty wife were alone together in their private parlor. Her dimpled hand lay lovingly in his, her sharply head, fresh from the hands of the coiffeur, rested recklessly on his shoulder.

Suddenly the door opened, and there was heard a rustle of silk drapery. A still shapelier little head, and fresher from the hands of the coiffeur, all unruffled by the audacious touch of a mortal, peeped in at the door. Laura was pale; her little white hands were clasped together; her musical voice trembled.

"Oh, papa, mamma, come directly! Mr. Stuyvesant ventured out too far, and—"

"Was drowned?" said Mr. Steele, with a peculiar combination in his voice of pity and relief.

"No, no; how can you suppose so dreadful a thing? He was rescued, but he is very weak and ill. He has asked for me—and may I go? Will you come with me, mamma? Oh, do, I beg of you! Can't she, papa?"

Her blue eyes filled with tears; her little feet seemed wanting to fly through the corridor.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Steele. "Let him wait till he is able to come to you or to me. Either a man is drowned or he isn't. Because he was imbecile enough to risk his life, that is no reason for you being the talk of the hotel."

Laura raised her head proudly. "No danger of that, papa; and, besides, everyone is occupied now with the one that rescued him."

"And what madman was that?" said poor Mr. Steele, who could not reconcile himself to the present condition of affairs.

"I don't know—a stranger, I believe; I was so interested in Mr. Stuyvesant I forgot to ask."

"Pah!" said Mr. Steele, getting upon his feet, and walking to the door, "I'll go and find out all about it. Do you stay here till I return."

Before Mr. Steele had gone far he heard from the excited guests several different versions of the affair; but one and all agreed that the rescuer could be nothing less than a champion swimmer.

"A regular water-dog!" said one gentleman to Mr. Steele; and as the merchant had heard this epithet used but once before in his life, and that on an occasion of vital interest to himself, he sought out the hero of the hour, and found, to his unbounded astonishment, it was John Waters himself! He was quite enveloped in the flounders and furbelows of pretty and sympathetic women, who insisted upon knowing every half second if he was sure he felt strong and well, and how in the world could he buffet those dreadful waves in that grand, heroic way, and how did he manage to drag poor dear Mr. Stuyvesant in to the shore?

John, like any other hero of the hour, enjoyed this womanly adulation, but looked anxiously at Mr. Steele when he approached.

"Hum!" growled that worthy merchant, "a pretty fellow you to interfere with other people's plans! How do you know he wanted to be rescued?"

"He appeared anxious that way, sir," said John. "He wrapped himself about me like a devil-fish. I thought one time we'd both go down together. There ought to be a school for teaching people how to let themselves be saved. It's the easiest thing in the world; the water itself is an accessory, if you manage it right."

"Oh, do tell us how, Mr. Waters, please!" chorused the pretty and sympathetic women; and as John began his lesson, Mr. Steele slipped away.

"Oh, papa," began Laura, "how is Mr. Stuyvesant?"

"I don't know—I didn't ask," he replied, "I was so interested in the fellow that dragged him ashore. He's an old friend of ours. The way we made his acquaintance was on just such an occasion; he saved a lady from drowning."

"Why, papa," said Laura, "he must be a splendid fellow!"

"Magnificent!" said Mr. Steele. "You see, we had traveled over a considerable portion of the world together, your mother and I, while you were yet a baby. And we found it rather odd one morning to discover that having crossed the ocean and the Alps, loitered in the Hudson Highlands, traveled thence down through the Mississippi valley, across the American desert to California, and back again by another route, your mother had never been up the East river as far as Morrisania. It seemed so absurd to have neglected this home excursion that we determined upon it at once. The morning was wet, but that didn't matter. Your mother looked prettier in a waterproof and rubbers, with a shovel-hat tied down under her chin, than most women would in a ball dress. She wasn't a bit afraid of rain or mud. She was a little reckless, for getting ashore to see one of the institutions for vagabond boys, her foot slipped off the plank, and she disappeared."

Mr. Steele stopped a minute; his voice faltered; the little plump hand of his wife slipped into his own; he clutched it and went on again.

"One minute I saw her as neat and trim a little figure as ever graced a water-proof and shovel-hat, the next she was gone."

"Gone!" cried Laura. "Gone where?"

"Into the water, child; into the hungry green waves that surged up to take her away from the fondest heart in the universe; and if it hadn't been for one of those very vagabond boys, who had been lurking there for a chance to escape from the island, you'd have lost us both, my dear, for I made an agonized plunge after her, though I'm ashamed to say I could not swim a stroke, and should only have gone to the bottom, like a plummet of lead, but an official standing by caught and held me, and cried out that Johnny Waters had her, safe as a trivet; and presently that vagabond boy came up with your sweet mother on the other side of the boat, and the official cried out: 'He's a regular water-dog, that Johnny Waters!'"

And these were the very words a guest here used in relation to John a minute or so ago.

"John!" cried poor, bewildered Laura, "our John! Mamma! My mamma! Was mamma the lady? Was John the boy? And is it John, our John, that saved poor Mr. Stuyvesant?"

"The very same, darling—John, our John; he's always on hand where there is trouble or danger."

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" cried Laura, forgetting all the years that had passed since the accident, and crumpling both the coiffured heads in a most reckless manner.

"Papa," she then said, "we must go and find John. I want to tell him—how much I—I—"

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Archibald Steele, and all the way through the corridor and into the parlors of the hotel, with his plump and pretty wife on one arm, his lovely daughter on the other, he smiled.

But John was still surrounded by the pretty and sympathetic women, who had cruelly deserted the blue-blooded descendant of the old Dutch governor, lying in his most graceful and languid of attitudes on a neighboring lounge—the descendant, not the governor—and had flocked one and all to the handsome and heroic founder of the new school for teaching people the way to be rescued from drowning.

These charming creatures spent so much of their time at the seashore, and it was so necessary and so nice to be wise!

John was almost hidden in flounders and laces; but when his eyes met Laura's he plunged out of these costly billows with his usual ease and intrepidity. There was something in Laura's eyes that he had never seen there before; a bewitching shyness, a tempting languor, a bewildering splendor, that steeped his soul in a mad, sweet hope.

Laura stopped one moment to whisper to her mamma, and John gasped out to Mr. Steele:

"If I dared—if I only dared to tell her!"

"I've told her myself!" said the merchant.

"That I was a pauper without home or friends?"

"I told the story in my own way, John," continued Mr. Steele, and I flatter myself I told it successfully; don't spoil it, if you please. I have managed for the past and the present; do you look out for the future, John."

And John did. Laura walked through the parlors that night, the envied of all the pretty and sympathetic women and brave and appreciative men that congregated there.—*Bazar.*

The human face is divine when not degraded by the vices of society.

Putting Down the Windows at Night.

On the advent of a thunder shower it is rarely that a man wakes first. If he should he keeps quiet, so as not to disturb his wife, and avails himself of the first lull to go to sleep again. How differently! Just as soon as she wakes up and hears that it is raining she seems to lose all judgment. She catches her husband by the hair, and shaking his head hysterically screams:

"Get up! get up, quick! It's a pouring down in torrents, and all the windows are up!"

He cannot wake up under such circumstances with an immediately clear conception of the case; in fact it frequently happens that he is way out on the floor before his eyes are fairly open, having but one idea really at work, and that is to what he is doing out of bed (which is always plausible enough), she hurls after him the following tones:

"Do hurry. Mercy, how that rain is coming right into these windows! We won't have a carpet left if you don't move faster. What on earth are you doing all this time? Can't find the matches? Mercy sake, you ain't going to stumble round here looking for matches, are you, when the water is drowning us out? Go without a light. What a man you are; I might have better got up in the first place. Well (despairingly) let things go to ruin if you are a mind to. I've said all I'm going to, an' I don't care if the whole house goes to smash. You always would have your own way, an' I s'pose you always will, and now you can do as you please; but don't dare to open your mouth to me about it when the ruin's done. I've talked and talked till I'm tired to death, and I shan't talk any more. We never could keep anything decent, and we never can; an' so that's the end of it. (A very brief pause.) John Henry, are you, or are you not, going to shut down those windows?"

Just then he finds the matches, and breaks the discourse by striking a light. He was bound to have that help before he moved out of the room. He has got the lamp lighted now. No sooner does its glare fill the room than he immediately blows it out again, for obvious reasons. He had forgotten the windows were open, and it almost causes him to shiver when he thinks of his narrow escape.

He moves out into the other room with alacrity now. He knows pretty well the direction to go, and when a flash of lightning comes it shows him on the verge of climbing over a stool or across the center table. If there is a rocking chair in the house he will strike it. A rocking chair is much surer in its aim than a streak of lightning. It never misses, and it never hits a man but in one spot, and that is just at the base of his shin. We have fallen against more than eight hundred rockers of all patterns and prices, and always received the first blow in one place. We have been with dying people, and have heard them affirm in the solemn hush of that last hour that a rocking chair always hits a man on the shin first.

And when a man gets up in the dead of the night to shut down windows, he never misses the rocking chair. It is the rear end of one of the rockers which catches him. It is a dreadful agony. But he rarely cries out. He knows his audience too well. A woman never falls over a rocking chair, and she will never understand why a man does. But she can tell whether he has by the way he puts down the windows when he finally reaches them. A rocking chair window (if we may be allowed the term) can be heard three times as far as any other.

Abraham at the Post Office.

George Alfred Townsend, in one of his letters from Saratoga, relates following amusing incident:

No hotel is complete without a post office. Ours has the adult population of a town of eighteen thousand people, for there are more than two thousand people paying five dollars a day here. There is a man in front, short and broad, who blocks the way to the post office window. He inquires:

"Der ledders, my vrien, for Chacab Goldsteir?"

The clerk assorts a great lot and says none.

"Hold on, my friend," says the same man, "is dere anydings for Abraham Samuels and Isscher Levi?"

Five minutes' delay—and we have a good postmaster—brings the response, "Nothing; please pass on!"

"But no, my vrien," says the same man, "I want der ledders for Isaac Solomons and Aaron Bergenheim, if you please."

Here there is a great outcry in the rear of "Give him the ten tables of stone! Let him have the urim and cumin."

"Gentlemen," says the head of the line, facing to the rear, "will you have the Christian politeness to let me get the mail of my brudder, Judah Mosheimer, and my wife's brudder, Abraham Markspeisin. *As you please!*"

A tie-game—getting married.

A Colony of Madmen.

The town of Gheel, situated in the province of Antwerp, has been for six centuries an abode of madmen, and tradition even takes the story back eleven centuries. There are 11,000 people in the place, and they have charge of 1,300 lunatics from abroad, who are boarded around in the families, and treated with great consideration. The children from youth are familiarized with the business, and all the people know how to manage those committed to their care. The inhabitants are all, so to speak, engaged in the surveillance of the lunatics. One of the greatest social punishments that can be inflicted on a family is to declare that it is unfit to receive such boarders. The lunatics are disposed of among the inhabitants according to their wealth or stations, wealthy patients being sent into the better families, and poor ones to the poorer. Of course the very immoral or dangerous lunatics are not thus disposed of. The cures average from sixty to seventy-five to the hundred. Gheel is divided into four districts, each with its overseer and physician. Large sums of money are spent in the place by the patients, and families generally are always desirous of having one or more lunatics on their hands.

Protection of Pictures.

According to a Leipsic journal, the protection of mnps, pictures, &c., may be rendered complete by the following means: Coat a plate of glass, thinly and uniformly, with a warm mixture of one-quarter of an ounce of ox gall and one quart of a solution of glue, which will form a stiff jelly on cooling. When the film is well set, render it insoluble by immersion, for two or three hours in a solution of acetate of alumina, which may be formed by dissolving one ounce each of alum and of acetate of lead in a pint of water, decanting the clear liquid from the sulphate of lead formed. Then wash and rinse well, and give it an additional thin coating with a weaker glue solution, and lay the picture, slightly but uniformly moistened, upon it, face downward; smooth out by gentle rubbing, place in a warm room for three or four days, and remove from the glass when thoroughly dry by cutting the film around it. The back of the picture may be coated in a similar manner, and it will then lie flat without a frame; the film may also be colored before applying the picture, by immersion in a bath of cochineal, logwood, &c.

Prof. Proctor on Astrology and Superstition.

Professor Proctor, in his lecture on astrology Sunday evening, said that astrology was by no means "a contemptible superstition." "On the contrary," said he, "I think that of all the errors into which men have fallen, in their desire to penetrate into futurity, astrology is the most respectable, one may say even the most reasonable. No other method of divination, of which I have ever heard seems worthy to be mentioned in company with astrology, which, though erroneous, had a foundation in thoughts well worthy of consideration." He explained many of the rules of the old astrologers and their methods of calculation. After considering several curious illustrations of the apparent fulfillment of predictions, astrological and otherwise, the lecturer showed how these cuses and the influence they exert illustrate Bacon's statement that "men mark when they hit, but never mark when they miss." In conclusion he congratulated his hearers on the fact that the science of our time is not employed, as was the science of old days, to spread superstitious beliefs or observances. "I forbear from inquiring here," he said, "how much of what was taught by the old astrologers and wonder-workers of Chaldaea and Egypt to strengthen their position among an ignorant and superstitious people has come down even to our own day, and not only matters regarded as superstitions, but in some still held in reverence by many millions of men. I simply say it is well for mankind that the men of science of our day (especially those most maligned for their outspokenness) are honest. Were they leagued to deceive the world by wonder-working, their task would be an easy one. To deceive the world would be much more difficult, for ninety-nine out of a hundred want to be deceived."

Too Much for a Drummer.

It takes a woman to repulse a traveling agent sometimes. In a neighboring village, the other day, a man called on Mr. C. at his place of business and wanted to sell him a parlor organ. Mr. C. not wishing to buy, to get rid of him referred him to his wife. On the man's making his business known to the lady, she asked him if Mr. C. sent him to her. "Yes, ma'am," he replied. "Well, sir," said Mrs. C., "you just go back and tell him that until he can furnish me with something better than mackerel to eat, I can make all the music that is necessary around this house." The agent concluded he couldn't sell an organ there.

Scotch yarns—Scott's novels.

Strengthen the Family Tie.

To be or not to be depends largely upon our own action. The first great step to become somebody is to wed, for then real life truly begins, and calls for the best efforts in order to provide comfortably for the loved one, and at the same time to develop the capacities of one's profession, and climb to the highest point of fame.

To reach with ease these happy stages of life nothing will do it so well as the beautiful organization of the family which has the ten commandments as the very key-stone for its foundation, and such a family appreciates the divinity of the Sabbath; they long for its coming, for on that day papa is at home. He is the whole day with the family, and therefore the family is at least for one entire day under his happy influence. They feel contented, for the crown of the house is with them in body and spirit.

And pray, is there any thing more beautiful in this charming world than to behold a husband and wife, whose countenance bears the impress of their happy unity, accompanied by their blooming children, all in holiday attire, walking unpretendingly and yet with a dignity which only purity of heart can give, to the house of worship. They go there not with the intention to see and be seen, but to give thanksgiving to the Father of all that is good for the protection that He has vouchsafed to them and theirs, during the past week, and to pray for His continued grace, in order that their acts may be worthy in His sight and in the sight of man.

The sweet harmony of music, the soul-stirring song, and the wise words of the minister, all combined to make a divine impression on that family, for they came to be impressed, and they go forth armed with new affections and the noblest resolutions, to be—what? Not a mere money-bag, not a mere pleasure seeker, but God's messengers, who dry the tears of woe, diffuse education and divine light among the masses, and thus compass ignorance and crime, and make of this world what the great Architect intended it to be, a perfect earthly paradise for man and the animal and vegetable kingdoms.—*Israelite.*

Literary Notices.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY—for December is a very interesting number. Dr. Holland concludes "The Story of Sevenoaks" and Bret Harte finishes the prologue of "Gabriel Conroy," and gives four chapters of the story itself, which begins five years later. About seventy illustrations appear in this number, accompanying, among other papers, a description of a "Tour of the Nile," by C. S. Welles; "The last of the Narwhale," a poem by John Boyle O'Reilly; a curious study of the Japanese art by Noah Brooks, very copiously illustrated; "The Ancient Province of Tusayan," by Major Powell; "Spanish Sketches," with pictures from the Dove Series; and "The Site of Solomon's Temple Discovered," a paper which can hardly fail to attract wide attention. The poetical contributions, besides Mr. O'Reilly's, are by Walter Mitchell (a Harvard poem called "The Mocking Bird"), R. R. Rowker, and Elizabeth Akers Allen. There is an article on our "Domestic Service," by Gen. Francis A. Walker; and a brief paper by the late Amasa Walker, on "French and American Currencies." The editorial department and the "Old Cabinet" are full and interesting as usual.

ST. NICHOLAS.

If the only good thing in St. Nicholas were Margaret Vandegrift's poem, "The Dead Doll," the December number would be a notable one. Professor Boyesen has the post of honor with his article on "Hans Christian Andersen," which is fresh, loving and just, and is accompanied with a very charming portrait. Noah Brooks's "Boy Emigrants" is unfolding and growing in interest, and Mr. Trowbridge's "Bass Cove Sketches" are the perfection of juvenile literature, both in choice of subject and method of treatment. The magazine's patron saint comes in for his full share of honor, "H. H." contributing a pretty "legend," in verse, and Julia S. Tutwiler a pleasant description of the observance of the day in Germany. There is also a very timely and useful article entitled, "One Hundred Christmas Presents, and How to Make Them." Major Traverse, in his paper, "Something About Railways," tells this interesting anecdote:

There were workmen on the Pacific Railway even more curious than the Irish or Chinese navvies. During the summer of 1868 the Laramie River became very low, much to the distress of a contractor who had cut a great many thousand cross-ties—the timbers on which the rails are laid—and which he expected to float down to the point where the railroad was to cross. He was first at a loss to know what to do, but resolved, finally, to build dams across the river at various points, and when the stream was thus made high enough, set his rafts afloat. Large parties of men, therefore, went to work building the dams. No sooner would the men leave off work at night, than thousands of beavers would begin, and work hard at the dam during the whole night. Water is always as

necessary to the comfort of beavers as on this occasion it was to the welfare of the contractor; and it was for this reason, and not because they wished to see the railroad finished, that the beavers joined in the labor of building the dams.

Taste in Dress.

Many who have the cares of a household on their mind think, with Catharine of Arragon, that "dressing time is wasting time." And where the spare moments are so few and far between as with those housekeepers who not only have the superintendence of affairs, but find it necessary to perform the actual labor with their own hands, the temptation to coincide fully with such authority is great. But if a woman has no natural taste in dress, delight in the combination of colors, or love of harmony in these things, she must be a little deficient in her appreciation of the beautiful. As a work of art, a well-dressed woman is a study. This does not in the least necessitate a close copy of the prevailing fashions, for one must cull and choose, rejecting those unsuited to her form and general style. Even when a love of dress is natural, it does not follow that it should engross every other taste. It may exist happily with an appreciation of the best there is in literature, with a fondness and successful faculty for household duties and certainly should never be considered apart from a love of neatness and order in all things. Dress can be so adapted as to hide natural defects, and heighten the charms possessed by the wearer. From the days of Annie Bolyn, who varied her dress every day, and always wore a small kerchief around her neck to conceal a mark, and a falling sleeve to hide her doubly tipped little finger, many have made use of its advantages in this respect with success, and every woman should habitually make the best of herself and of circumstances. Indifference, and consequent inattention to dress, often shows pedantry, self-righteousness, or indolence, and whilst extolled by the severe utilitarian as a virtue, may frequently be noted as a defect.—*Fireside Friend.*

A Palace of Silence.

Away upon the hill that overlooks Naples stands the Carthusian monastery of San Martino. The monks who once inhabited this glorious palace—for it is nothing less—were men of noble birth and vast fortunes. The church is now one of the most magnificent in Italy. Agate, jasper, lapislazuli, amethyst, Egyptian granite, and fossil wood, together with every tint, are so blended in mosaics that line the whole edifice, and the carvings are so rich and graceful, that the interiors of some of the chapels seem like Eden transfigured by a miracle and frozen into stone. And in this stone place lived a brotherhood who came from first circles of society and buried themselves in this gorgeous tomb—for it was little else. The monks took a vow of perpetual silence, lived apart, each apart, and met only for the unusual hours of prayer, when each one was wrapped in his own meditations and no one uttered a syllable. Each of the little cells where they slept had a small window or closet, communicating with one of the corridors, and in his closet was placed the frugal meal, which was then taken into the cell and eaten in solitude. Every quarter of an hour a bell struck to remind the listeners that they were so much nearer their death. In the garden the railings were ornamented with marble skulls, and the only sounds that used to disturb this splendid solitude were the tread of sandaled feet, the rustle of long, white robes, or the clang of the bell that tolled off their solemn lives in brief moments that might have yet seemed long to them.

Stephen A. Douglas at one time thought himself near enough to the presidency to promise his friends offices. A correspondent of the Chicago Times gives an account of a dinner where there was a generous distribution of this kind. When the list had been nearly exhausted, Mr. Douglas noticed that one of the guests, Beverly Tucker by name, had not asked for an office. Turning to him he requested him to state what position he desired. The man replied that he had no wish for office, but only a request to make, which he disclosed as follows: "It is simple, I have a Christian name. My mother baptized me Beverly. Some call me 'Bov.' Now, when you are elected President, I want you upon every occasion when we meet in public to say, 'Halloa, Bev., is that you? How are you, old fellow? I want you to slap me on the shoulder, and talk with me confidentially. If you will always treat me like that when we meet, I will ask no more."

A NEW KIND.—"Yes, sir," promptly replied the boy when the grocer asked him if he wanted anything. "I want two ounces of ki and two ounces of pepper."

"Ki! Ki!" queried the astonished man. "Yes, sir; mother told me to get ki and pepper here and some corset-strings on the corner."

It was a good while before the grocer got hold of the right article.

A Manchester firm which takes all its employees for a day's trip to the sea side during the summer, decided last year to visit Blackpool. It is the general custom of the workers to have a dip in the sea before beginning the usual amusements. "Eh, mon, how dirty ye are!" said one hale Lancashire lad to his fellow bather. "Missed the trip last year," was the laconic rejoinder.

It is to live twice when you can enjoy the recollection of your former life.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
PORT LEWIS SELLINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12.50
If not paid within six months, \$2.00
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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 2, 1875.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A Sunday Bible Class.

There will be a Bible Class for deaf-mutes at St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn, in the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 3 o'clock, P. M. Deaf-mutes residing in Brooklyn and vicinity are cordially invited to attend.

Notice to Deaf-mute Societies.

Commencing with our first January number of 1876, we shall cease to send free copies of the JOURNAL to the various Deaf-mute Societies which are now receiving them. We adopt the above measure simply with a view to economy. We cherish no feelings of ill-will toward any deaf-mute organizations, but do it to save a large and unwarranted expense. We wish all of them throughout the country success, but, while they provide magazines and periodicals at the expense of the members, it is equally just and reasonable that they should pay for the JOURNAL. The expense of publishing a weekly paper like the JOURNAL is by no means an insignificant item, financially considered. If we furnish free copies to one society, it would be proper and right to serve the rest the same, which would of course entail great expense. The only way therefore to settle the question with satisfaction, is to use no partiality and let each society pay for their paper.

With much grace, we adopt this mode of doing business in the future, trusting that no unbiased members of deaf-mute organizations will feel aggrieved or have any valid reason to find fault with the plan.

"Fresh Fields and Pastures New."

The paragraph we publish elsewhere, headed "A Deaf-mute Superintendent," may strike the reader as a good local joke on somebody or something. It happens to be fact, however, and goes to show that good old Father Time is bringing about things as they should be. Little by little, rather slowly and imperceptibly, except to those who with hand on the public pulse keep a continuous and keen watch, the sentiment of the world is changing and deaf-mutes are being recognized as part of the world's throng of workers—and are being accorded their places. Moreover the sentiment that is charitable and akin to pity is gradually wearing away, and, as man to man, the mute is taken at his worth—on his own merits, his deafness being considered but an accidental circumstance, and utilized or relieved as opportunities occur.

Before many years, we expect to see deaf-mutes in positions they have not heretofore held.

Public Schools for Deaf-mutes.

We are much pleased to learn by the account, elsewhere published, that a deaf-mute school on the same footing with the other public schools of the city, has been opened in Cincinnati, Ohio, and that the expenses of the school are provided for the same as those for speaking pupils.

We firmly believe that in the near future such schools will abound in one or more of the large cities of every State in the Union, and that no deaf-mute child will be allowed to grow up uneducated in its early years. It is pleasant to note the eagerness with which deaf-mutes embrace such home opportunities for acquiring education and the lively interest their parents take in the same. We hope that the Cincinnati deaf-mute school will prove as grand a success as its present prospects indicate, and that many other cities will soon inaugurate home schools for their deaf and dumb.

The Castle of Silence.

The exquisite poem with the above title, which we publish elsewhere, was read at the first anniversary of the Alumni Association of the High Class, New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, held July 13th, 1859. The literary excellences of the poem are very marked, and the interest in the subject treated of especially adapts it to our columns. There was no deaf-mute press at the time of its delivery, and we are under obligations to Mr. Alphonso Johnson, Principal of the Central New York Institution, for its rescue from the institution report in which it was buried, and for the opportunity vouchsafed us to give it the publicity it deserves.

Personal.

Mr. Alphonso Johnson, Principal of the Central New York Institution for Deaf-mutes at Rome, N. Y., last Saturday visited his friends in Mexico and remained in town over Sunday. He is looking and feeling well, and reports the state of affairs at the institution as being very encouraging.

The Itinerator.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itinerator*.

The late JOHN W. CHANDLER, who was, at the time of his death, President of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association, when about four years old, was upon one occasion visiting his relatives who lived on a farm. It chanced that at the place where he was visiting several neighboring young men were engaged digging potatoes, and among the rest a colored youth. At dinner time the "hands" were called to dinner. When they entered the house our friend John soon noticed the sable fellow. Now, he having never seen an African before, after one searching glance at him with eyes dilated and a contemptuous stare, ran to inform his aunt by gestures that there was some one present with a very dirty face at the same time seizing a basin of water and presenting it to the young darkey accompanied by the request in signs for him to wash his face. The uproarious laughter in which the "colored punson" heartily joined was long and loud, but it was some time before that little deaf-mute could see the point.

Miss ANGE A. FULLER, who was one of the foremost among the early founders of the Chicago Day School for Deaf-mutes, is now visiting her brother George in that city. Miss Fuller takes quite an interest in the Chicago Deaf-mute Society.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. DAVIS, deaf-mutes of Syracuse, and formerly from New England, have gone to reside in New York city.

A. C. GORDON, of Geneva, is spending Thanksgiving week in Syracuse, after which time he will be pleased to hear from his friends at his home.

It is reported that a small deaf-mute boy named FITZ, recently died of small-pox in Syracuse, N. Y.

The two deaf-mute prisoners, TAYLOR and RICHARDS, have arrived at the Albany Penitentiary. The sender of this item thinks that if they serve out their two year's sentence they will have an opportunity to learn part of some respectable trade, and become better citizens when they emerge from their confinement. We hope so at least.

Mr. DENNIS MAHONEY, of Albany, N. Y., was last week attacked with pleurisy. He has been for several days confined to his home, but has so far recovered as to be able to get out on the streets.

The whole number of pupils received at the Ohio Institution this year, since September 15th, is 401, of whom 230 are boys, and 171 are girls.

The fiscal year of the Ohio Institution closed Nov. 15th. During the time, twelve months, says the Chronicle, not a death occurred, although we have had several cases of severe sickness. Nor has there been a single case of fractured limbs. These exemptions, in a family of nearly five hundred, call for devout gratitude.

Mr. JAMES RUSSELL, Ex-President of the Manhattan Literary Association, proposes to visit Montreal during the winter, taking several Institutions in his way, and on his return will visit the Troy Literary Club, and probably deliver an address before it. Our best wishes for a good time among his Montreal friends.

Will Mr. GEORGE FARLEY, late of New York city, send his present address to his old chum's, of Fourth Street, New York?

[We think the following items have already been published in the *Silent World*, but as they have been sent to us with the request that we print them in the JOURNAL, we give them place here:]

Mr. R. M. THOMAS is Secretary of the Deaf-mute Society of Chicago. He is an intelligent and hard-working man, supporting himself in an independent manner by working in a large sewing factory in the city. One of the noticeable facts connected with his daily life is the intimacy and freedom with which he associates with hearing people, and the large number of the latter who converse with him readily by means of the manual alphabet.

Such constant intercourse with intelligent hearing people is of incalculable benefit to deaf-mutes and cannot be too much encouraged.

Mrs. J. M. RAFFINOTON has been

President of the Deaf-mute Society of Chicago ever since its organization almost two years ago. Her pleasant manner and impartial government make her more and more popular with the members, and all regret the fact that she may soon have to resign in order to join her husband who is working at the engraving business in Detroit. The society meets twice a week in a pleasant room at 89 East Madison Street. A more earnest and intelligent company of deaf-mutes is seldom seen, and no doubt the present prosperous condition of the society will continue indefinitely.

A Deaf-mute Superintendent.

A story is told of a certain Sunday-school which was recently visited by a learned divine. The quietness of the proceedings specially attracted his attention. When the clock marked the hour the pupils fell into their places without call or signal. The Superintendent placed upon the blackboard the number of a hymn, and, without other announcement, it was immediately sung. All the exercises were conducted from the platform in this silent way. The reverend gentleman was puzzled, and after the school was closed he sought an interview with the Superintendent. He commenced a voluble expression of his pleasure, which was cut short when his (supposed) auditor drew forth a slate and wrote on it, "I am a deaf-mute!" It was a school, so it was explained to him, that had been talked to death by former Superintendents. The session had been prolonged beyond all reason, scholars were tired to death with speeches, and scanty time was left for the lesson. The school came to the conclusion that the great work of the Superintendent was to keep still. As every one who could talk would talk, application was finally made to a deaf and dumb institution for a man who could not talk. And the result was so far satisfactory.—*N. Y. Times*.

An Insane Deaf-mute.

About 8 o'clock Thursday evening last, says the *Detroit Free Press*, a boy, about nineteen years old, applied at the Central Police Station for lodging. His actions revealed nothing save that he was a deaf-mute, and he was placed in the lodgers' room with five or six companions. About nine o'clock a vessel called applied at the station for men to fill his crew, and he with an officer went down into the lodgers' room for the purpose of giving the tramps a chance to ship. Upon entering the room they saw the deaf-mute stripped of everything but shirt, capering about the room uttering the mournful sound so common to dumb persons, and each time that he would pass a jet of gas he would grasp the flame with his hand and try to hold it. It being very apparent that insanity was added to his other misfortune he was locked in a cell. Upon being confined he took off his shirt and in a state of nudity rolled upon the floor, climbed monkey-like the grating before his cell, and performed other eccentric feats. There is no way of learning his name or place of residence, and unless he is identified and claimed by friends he will be sent to the Asylum at Wayne.

Accident to a Deaf-mute.

On the afternoon of the 7th inst. a most distressing accident occurred just outside of Lapeer. A German by the name of Miller, a deaf-mute, took a loaded double barreled gun and started for the woods. Nothing strange was thought of this except perhaps the propriety of humanity on the Sabbath. When evening came this man did not return as was expected, and the friends becoming anxious, a hunt was instituted. After a protracted search, the unfortunate man was found in an unconscious condition, with one eye blown out, the other badly injured and his nose and face were badly disfigured. The supposition is that both of the barrels had been discharged previous to the accident, and that the hammer fell while for some cause he was reloading the second time. Dr. Nash, of Lapeer, dressed the wound and says that there is a good prospect of his recovery.—*Mirror*, Nov. 19, 1875.

A Cantata or Short Oratorio of Belshazzar.

Preparations are in progress to bring out this grand oratorio at the M. E. church, between Christmas and New Years. The unparalleled success which the Oratorio of Esther met with, has encouraged Mr. Miller to undertake this one. Nearly the same persons assist in the present oratorio as in the former, and it is expected that this will even far surpass the previous one. Besides having a very interesting evening's entertainment, you will receive a better understanding of the times and costumes of 500 years B. C., than you otherwise could have without much trouble and far greater outlay, as no time or expense is being spared to render it as complete as possible. The object is a worthy one, and it will be an occasion which none of our citizens can afford to neglect. Further particulars will be given hereafter.

The Governor has granted a respite to Nelson H. Cool until Friday, March 3d, 1876. This defers his execution until after the trial of Mrs. Wimple, which will take place at the February term of the Court of Oyer and Terminer. When informed that a respite had been granted, Cool simply said "All right!" and kept right on playing the game of cards he was engaged in. His name well illustrates his character.

—Rev. W. H. Hopkins, formerly of St. James' church, Pulaski, is about to leave Grace church, Watertown, to go to St. John's church, Chicago—a wealthy parish.

Thanksgiving Services.

According to usage, the Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist societies, of this village, held a union service on Thanksgiving day. This year they met in the Methodist church, and Rev. Jas. P. Stratton delivered the sermon. After singing, and reading of Scripture, Rev. S. P. Gray offered a very appropriate prayer. Rev. Mr. Stratton chose the following passage for his text: "Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him and bless his name."—Psalm c, 3-4.

Men, he observed, seek for something by which to commemorate great deeds and important personages. The followers of Alexander the Great sought for some memorial by which to render his fame immortal. They finally decided to carve a statue of him, not from a rock, but from a mountain situated in the southern part of Greece, which should be so colossal that a river should flow from one hand, and a city with its teeming thousands of human beings should be built in the other. Such are the means devised to perpetuate the memory of great men. What statue can we erect to render immortal the greatness of our glorious republic? Is not "Gratitude to God" the most appropriate and best that we can devise? The two chief causes for our national gratitude to God are for forming the character and guiding the history of America.

A peculiar people are needed for a peculiar work. God raised up the Jews to preserve the idea of *one God*. The world in general at that period was believing in gods rather than God. Gods were seen and worshipped in all natural objects. There is visible in all of Jehovah's dealings with the Israelites, the idea of one great Supreme Being. So Moses was trained in a special way for a peculiar work. This country needed a heroic people, as this was not a paradise; but, instead, it was a wilderness, where immense forests, hard rocks, dangerous diseases, and cunning enemies had to be overcome. America also needed men of earnest convictions; men who would stand, yes, and even die, if need be, for what they considered the right. Both of these were secured. The country was settled in a time when deeds of heroism were common, and by men, some of whom had led homes of luxury to come to this wild and dangerous country that they might carry out the convictions which they believed to be right, and for which they would, if necessary, lay down their lives. The Dutch, Huguenots and Puritans are some of the elements out of which God has made America, and they were men as devoted to their principles as Europe ever saw. Their morality and piety, their spirit of enterprise and habits of industry, their love of liberty and attention to education were unparalleled in the history of similar efforts. They were not perfect men, but they were the best and noblest that ever founded a nation.

Our ancestors were powerful beyond their numbers. They were helped and lifted up in all their struggles by some great moral power. See the amazement and scorn of the British regulars when they saw as their opponents only ragged and poorly-armed militia; but that soon was turned into fear. Only tender plants should be put in houseplants. You need not think of putting an acorn in one. Its roots would soon burst from its earthen prison. This is where the British made their mistake. They endeavored to keep the hardy plant of their American colonies in a little flower-pot, but it burst its bands and the mother-country then lost control of it. One of the principles on which our ancestors acted was, that they could die, if need be, but would yield never.

And the guiding hand of God was shown in the struggle against slavery. Freedom produces individuality and a high standard of morals; while some of the fruits of slavery are licentiousness, jettisoning and debility. So those one million of men that joined our army received help besides that which came from our prayers and our hurrahs. We read the names of Lincoln, Seward, Stanton, Chase, Sumner, and our late lamented Vice-President, Henry Wilson, who assisted in that struggle, but who have since passed away.

The preacher spoke a few earnest words against the evils of intemperance, summed up the innumerable blessings which we as a nation have been and are receiving, and closed by exhorting all to "give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; His mercy endureth forever."

The attendance was large, and the sermon should have been heard to be appreciated, as it was replete with interest and instruction.

Thanksgiving services were held in Grace church, in this village, last Thursday. The church was decorated with a variety of fruit, grain and vegetables, ferns and bitter-sweet berries, which were beautifully arranged, and reflected much credit upon those who had the matter in charge. There is a peculiar appropriateness in this "offering of first fruits," if so we may call it, and we wonder it has not been done before.

The services opened with the singing of "America" by the choir and congregation. Following this was the customary Thanksgiving service, which is so beautiful and appropriate. It must be a very ungrateful heart that can hear these outpourings of devout and thankful souls, and not desire to "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." At the conclusion of the service, the Rector, Rev. W. L. Parker, delivered an excellent sermon from Psalms, 65:9, "Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it." Rev. Mr. Parker said that this was a song of "harvest home," and that the more we realize God's goodness to us the more should we make

David's prayer, "Bless the Lord, O, my soul," our own, and not receive his benefits as a matter of course. The Bible is full of lessons drawn from the field, but among the many suggested by the text he would notice but two. 1st. How much the harvest showstman God's power. Men, with all their wisdom, could not cause even one seed to grow, but men are unwilling to give God the praise for his wonderful works, and say that Nature does this and that, and that it is Nature's law that each seed should produce its kind. But a law is of no use unless there is some one to enforce it. "Thou sowest bare grain, but God giveth it a body." God's providing is a rebuke to unthankfulness, pride and slothfulness. As God is in natural things so is he in spiritual things. As he makes the seed grow in the soil, so he makes the good seed grow in the heart. As in the natural sowing, so in the spiritual, much seed is lost, and if we sow sparingly we shall reap sparingly. 2d. The harvest showstman God's faithfulness. He has unceasingly watched over the tiniest seed, and has cared for the greatest heavenly matter. Under great provocation God has done this. He has known of all our evil thoughts, of all our wicked deeds and unthankful hearts, yet through it all he has been faithful to his promise of seed time and harvest. If he has shown himself faithful to a wicked world, will he forget the faithful? One thing the harvest does not teach—the Gospel. There is nothing in Nature that tells of the coming of Christ. This comes through grace. Let us read the fair book of Nature, yet read more the Bible, and then learn to love the blessed Savior, and see the recommended countenance of God.

We wish all could have heard the discourse, of which the above gives but a faint idea. The spirit of devout thankfulness seemed to breathe through it all.

School Exhibition.

Friday night, Nov. 19th, the select school taught by Mr. W. R. Alsever, in the Nutting district, gave a public, which did credit to both teacher and scholars. The school-house was literally packed at an early hour, and the audience waited patiently for the exercises to begin. They were as follows:

Music, Beautiful Sunshine, by the school; Declaration, Extracts of Advice, by George Cronan; Essay, Clocks, by Miss Hattie Chadwick; Declaration, The Sculpture Boy, by Cephas Smith; Recitation, The Star, by Miss Ann Crandall; Declaration, Taet vs. Talent, by Chas. W. Haight; Music, Toil On, by the school; Declaration, the Men to Make a State, by Veranus Moore; Recitation, The School Girl's Soliloquy, by Miss Cora Minecker; Off-hand Speech, by James Moore; Essay, Fall, by Miss Louisa Leonard; Oration, The Source of Power, by Charles Palmer; Recitation, Ode to Art, by Miss Nellie Potter; Declaration, The Wine Cup, by Nicholas Leonard; Music, Out in the Snow, by Miss Emily Starr; Essay, Influence of Little Things, by Miss Eva Alsever; Declaration, Who Killed Tom Roper? by Chas. Smith; Recitation, Our House-keeper, by Miss Hattie Chadwick; Declaration, Female Accomplishments, by Frank Crandall; Essay, Reading, by Miss Cora Minecker; Oration, Power and Influence of the Press, by Nicholas Leonard; Recitation, Drafted, by Miss Eva Alsever; Recitation, Country and City, by Miss Louisa Leonard; Declaration, Speech of Regular, by W. H. Palmer; Music, The Prettiest Girl (song and chorus), by the school; Dialogue, An Intelligent Witness; Dialogue, The Negro's Philosophy; Music, John Brown, by the school; Dialogue, When I was young, or what the old woman said to her daughter; Music, I'm Ninety-Five, by Miss Eva Alsever.

All did first-rate. There was not an exercise on the programme that was a failure; all had their parts well committed, and they spoke distinctly. The school has been very prosperous during the term, and I think the public were well pleased with the entertainment furnished them. Mr. Alsever, as a successful teacher, ranks among the first. He has all the requisites necessary; his classical education is good; his morals (which are the most essential part to make a first-class teacher) are of the very best. With these acquisitions his teaching has been a success from the very first. I understand he contemplates attending the Normal School at Oswego, this winter. May success crown his every effort.

An evening debating school was held once a week during the term, in which both the school and patrons of the district took active part. W. H. P.

Obituary.

CENTRAL SQUARE, NOV. 29.—Died, Nov. 28, at 5 A. M., Rev. Peter Woodin, aged 81 years. The funeral will be held at the Baptist church, on Wednesday, at 2 P. M. The Rev. Mr. Dudley will preach the sermon. On Thursday the body will be taken to Hannibal for interment. Elder Woodin was an old resident of the county, coming here from Saratoga county over fifty years ago, and settled first in Hannibal, where he entered the ministry and became pastor of the Baptist church of that place. He afterwards moved to Fulton, where he preached some time, finally moving to this place about thirty years ago, where he has since resided. He was pastor of the church at this place until about four years ago when declining health forced him to resign, and he was succeeded by Rev. D. D. Owen. He was well known throughout this and adjoining counties, and was very highly esteemed as a man, a Christian and a minister. The entire community sympathize with the afflicted family in their bereavement.—*Cor. One, Palladium*.

The clerk of the weather has got slightly muddled, we judge, and filled out for us the weather programme of Greenland. Twelve below is pretty cold for November. No more such foolishness, if you please.

Minor Topics.

The famous Cunard steamer "Scotia" is to run as an excursion boat on our coast during the Centennial Exhibition.

A Philadelphia firm has paid \$100,000 for the privilege of printing and selling the official catalogue of the Centennial.

A memorial to congress is being numerously signed in Utah praying for the admission of that Territory as a State this winter.

The Colored Methodist Episcopal church in America has now four bishops and a membership of 200,000 in the Southern and Western States.

The death of Mr. Wilson leaves the President pro tem of the Senate acting Vice-President. This position is now filled by Senator T. W. Ferry, of Michigan.

The Legislature of California has enacted a law which allows every citizen who will plant trees and maintain them for three years, a deduction from his taxes of \$1 for each tree so planted.

The ladies of the Mount Vernon Association of Richmond are going to hold a grand centennial ball on the 22d of February, at which all the dresses are to be in the style of one hundred years ago.

Thirty Chinese boys, who are to be educated in Hartford and Springfield, are on their way to those cities from San Francisco. They will remain there 15 years for the completion of their education.

A grand-daughter of William I. Berry, once Postmaster-General, has presented to the Kentucky State Library a fac simile copy of the nullification proclamation of President Jackson. It is printed on satin richly framed.

Thomas Fowler of Visalia, Cal., is now engaged in reclaiming a large tract of swamp land at the Southern end of Tulare Lake, involving the construction of twenty miles of levees or embankments, numerous sluices, gates, culverts, &c.

Over 100,000 acres of land have been located in Mason county, Texas, within the past three months, on account of the discovery of a great silver vein. Two shafts are already in operation, one bringing up ore yielding \$18 to the ton.

Arizona tells of a man who, under pretence of showing travelers rich mines, takes them to the mountains, where he kills and robs them. He is said to have made away with eight during the last year, and the Governor has offered a reward of \$500 for his capture.

Of the 5,000,000 Jews estimated to be on the face of the globe, 120,000 are assigned to America, 46,000 to France, 300 to Ireland, 25 to Norway. One out of every seven inhabitants of Poland, and one out of every twenty-five of Ham burg, Roumania, and Austria, are Hebrews.

The annual report of the chief of the secret service division of the Treasury Department will show that a greater number of counterfeiters have been arrested, and a greater amount of counterfeit money and material captured than during any previous year since the organization of the division.

The coal miners of four of the great mining companies of southern Illinois have given the labor of mining half a ton of coal by each gang for the benefit of News-boy's Home at Chicago; the companies give the coal, two hundred tons in all, and the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company will carry it free of charge to Chicago.

Many of the French admirers of our institutions propose to erect on an island in New York harbor a colossal copper statue of Liberty, over a hundred feet high, as an expression of the sympathy of the countrymen of Lafayette, and a commemoration of the centennial of our independence. The model for the statue has been prepared, and the projectors are taking steps to secure the model fund.

The late awful Winter leaves behind it a frightful legacy of Coughs, Colds, and Pulmonary Inflammation. Providentially, however, an absolute and immediate cure has been provided in HALE'S TONIC OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

Remember the lecture to be given by Mr. B. F. Taylor in the Presbyterian church to-morrow (Thursday) evening, at half past seven. Single tickets may be procured at Virgil's and at Stone, Robinson & Co.'s. Season tickets can be purchased from the Committee or at the door.

Supervisors—Standing Committees.

The following are the standing committees appointed by the Chairman of the Board of Supervisors:

On Constables and Justices' Accounts—Messrs. Laing, Webb, Green, Harding, Boyd.

On Sheriff and Jailors' Accounts—Messrs. Potter, Dagget, Fleming.

On Miscellaneous Accounts—Messrs. Babcock, Sewell, Root, McChesney, Selden.

To Compare Rolls—Messrs. Oederkirk, Coats, Smith, Hanchett.

To Foot Rolls—Messrs. Comstock, Laing, Foley, Dixon, Rowe, Sewell, Potter.

On Equalization—Messrs. Comstock, Oederkirk, Menter, Laing, Wells.

On Rejected Taxes, School and Highway—Messrs. Rowe, Root, Wells.

To Settle with Superintendents of the Poor—Messrs. Fox, Dagget, Francis.

On Jurisprudence—Messrs. Wells, Clary, Fox.

To Settle with County Treasurer—Messrs. Gardiner, Dixon, Foley.

To Collect Town and County Charges—Messrs. Foley, Potter, Smith.

To Apportion Taxes and Make Ratio—Messrs. Menter, Harding, Babcock, Green, Sewell.

To Fill Collectors' Warrants—Messrs. Green, Hanchett, Rowe.

To Make Abstract—Messrs. Root, Boyd, Dixon.

To Settle with Judicial Officers—Messrs. Harding, Coats, Francis.

To Settle with Loan Commissioners—Messrs. Clary, Webb, Smith.

To Apportion and Make List of Grand Jurors—Messrs. Fleming, Coats, Hanchett.

To Settle with Supervisors—Messrs. Hanchett, McChesney, Laing.

On Ways and Means—Messrs. Sewell, Comstock, Clary.

On Local Legislation—Messrs. Dagget, Seldon, Rowe, Babcock, Foley, Fox, McChesney.

To Extend Taxes—Messrs. Boyd, Menter, Gardiner.

1st. An exchange gives the following ten reasons why people should spend their money at home. They are so forcible and well put that we cannot refrain from presenting them to our readers, hoping that they will give them the consideration which they deserve:

1st. It is your home; you cannot improve it much by taking money to spend or invest elsewhere.

2d. There is no way of improving a place so much as by encouraging good merchants, good schools, and good people to settle among you, and this cannot be done unless you spend your money at home.

3d. Spend your money at home; because there is where you generally get it. It is your duty.

4th. Spend your money at home; because when it is necessary for you to get credit, it is of your town merchants you have generally to get it, and they must wait for the money. Therefore when you have the cash in hand spend it at home.

5th. Spend your money at home. It will make better merchants of your merchants; they can and will keep better assortments and sell at lower rates than if the only business they can do is what is credited out while the money goes to other places.

6th. Spend your money at home. You may have sons growing up who will some day be the best merchants in town. Help lay the foundations for them now. It is a duty. It may be your pride in after years to say: "By trading at the store I got my son a position as clerk, and now he is proprietor." Then you will think it hard if your neighbors spend their money out of town. Set the example now.

7th. Spend your money at home. Set the example now. Buy your dry goods, groceries, meats and everything at home, and you will see a wonderful change in a short time in the outlook of the place; therefore deal with your home merchants.

8th. Spend your money at home. What do you gain by going off! Count the cost, see what you could have done at home by letting your merchants have the cash. Strike a balance, see if you would not have been just as well off, besides helping your merchants.

9th. Spend your money at home. Your merchants are your neighbors, your friends, they stay by you in sickness—are your associates; without your trade they cannot keep your business. No stores, then none banks, one wanting to buy property to settle on and build up your place.

10th. Merchants should do their advertising at home. They should get their bill-heads, circulars, cards, letter-heads, envelopes, and all their printing at home, of their own newspapers which aid them in many ways, and advertise them hundreds of times without any pay whatever. Merchants should set an example to customers by patronizing liberally their home newspaper. Men and women are imitative animals and are prone to follow examples set them. How can merchants expect their neighbors to trade with them when they set the example of going away from home for their printing and advertising? Let merchants and people all patronize home trade. So shall they all be prosperous and happy.

—At the meeting of the Board of Supervisors, on Monday, Supervisor Menter was appointed a committee to rent an armory at Mexico. On motion of Mr. Menter, a levy of \$200 upon the towns comprising the Third School Commissioner's District to defray the expenses of the Commissioner, was ordered; also, a levy of \$1,300 upon the town of Mexico, for roads, bridges and the support of the poor.

—Mr. Chas. S. Mayo killed a porker last Friday, weighing five hundred and one pounds.

The Castle of Silence.

BY MARY TOLES PEET.

Low bending at thy shrine, I come,
O radiant muse of song!
And though no sound my voice may wake,
No low deep tone the echoes break
That tremble round thy throne.

Perchance my hand may touch the lyre,
And bid some chord to thrill,
And though the minstrel's home land be
The realm of silence, still may she
Bring soul-gifts at thy will.

I stood upon a rocky cliff,
That overlooks the Hudson's tide.
Mists were around me, but anon,
The winds would lift the veil aside.

And gazing far across the wave
That broke upon the other shore,
My vision caught one fairy spot,
Nor eye, nor heart would seek for more.

Yet still it seemed some charm was gone,
Some beautiful rainbow-dint was fled,
Some gem that should be there was lost,
And missing this, I bowed my head.
O sunny spot! Enchanted ground!
Thy dower of beauty still must be
Left incomplete, until the soul
Of song or story wake in thee.

Years pass, and once again my feet
Seek out this beautiful retreat.
Lo! what a change! The charm no more
Is wanting, as I thought before;
Vast walls arise, stately and high,
And tower up, pointing to the sky,
And windows, where the sun's soft beams
Come through in golden tinted gleams,
And lofty ceiling, spacious hall,
And chapel, where the blessed light
Seems like incensing day and night;
All in such fair proportions wrought,
Fit home it seems for noble thought.

I enter, and a white-robed hand
Of silent sisters here I see;
They tremble, for their young feet stand
Upon the shore of life's dark sea,
And each one lingers, for the spell
Is round her, of a last farewell.

And youth and manhood, too, are met,
And each has clasped the other's hand;
Yet for a moment will regret,
Shade the bright future of "promised land,"
For though their hearts are brave and strong,
Thoughts of the past will round them throng.

They look around—the world is broad—
And many tempting paths behold;
Our own fair land hath need of them;
O! firm of will and strong and bold
Should be the hearts that for the Right,
Against Wrong, must battle day and night.

One seeks a stately avenue,
That leads into the western land;
He sees its prairies broad and fair,
Its mountains towering high and grand,
And there, with sinews stout and bold,
Toil brings him joys more rich than gold.

And one is where the city's din,
Roars round him; but, unheeded falls
Its noise or turmoil on his ear,
While trembling all along the walls
Of his soul's chamber, rings the strain,
"Thy labor shall not be in vain!"

And some may seek for curious lore,
In wondrous volumes, old and rare,
Yet shall they find that none of this,
With life's own beauty can compare;
In nobler deeds of heart or mind,
They shall a purer pleasure find.

And maidens, on whose fair young brows,
I see pale fragrant buds entwined,
O! unto you shall yet be given,
Far dearer flowers, in wreaths to bind,
Pale buds of trust and pleading prayer,
And hope that never knows despair.

And in the swiftly coming years,
The wife and mother both may stand,
Where now the maiden's trembling feet,
Press lightly on the yielding sand.
O! childhood's prayer, e'er let it be,
For truth, and right, and liberty.

A nobler destiny, I ween,
Shall thus be yours, than pride, or power;
For silent ones with joy may bring,
Their tribute, thus, to freedom's dower,
And the down-trodden and oppressed,
In other lands shall call them blest.

Turn we our eyes across the sea,
And lo! the blackening smoke of war
Dims thy blue skies, O Italy!
And thunders echo from afar;
But land of beauty and of song,
Thy sufferings shall not be for long.

O mother, worthy of thy son!
O Garibaldi! unto thee,
Shall yet re-echo the glad shout—
"Our own bright Italy is free!"
And speaking hands on this broad shore,
Shall tell the story o'er and o'er.

Once more farewell! Ye go your ways,
Each to his pilgrim shrine;
Some listening eyes perchance have read,
My soul in this poor rhyme,
And in their memory will retain,
Some low faint echo of my strain.

And whether in the mine of Thought,
Ye toil with throbbing brow,
Or 'neath the weight of care and pain,
Your fainting spirits bow,
Aye, though your hopes like the sweet flowers,
Braid amid your hair,
Should wither, let your souls be kept,
Unstained, and pure, and fair.
New York, July 13, 1889.

Chicago Notes.

A man, pretending to be deaf and dumb, engaged board at No. 904 Cottage Grove Avenue, a few days ago. He went to work at blacking stoves in an adjoining hardware store, and would probably have never been thought of any further but for the following circumstance:

At the same place boarded Nicholas Zimmerman, a deaf-mute graduate of some German institution. One day shortly after the event narrated above, he left a fine overcoat hanging in his room when he went out to his daily work. During his absence, this impostor slipped up stairs and stole the aforesaid indispensable winter garment. He has not been seen since. But Nick is not the only boarder who is anxious to see this same sneak-thief. Several other articles of wearing apparel, the property of other boarders, disappeared at the same time,

The fact of the fellow being an impostor was proven in this, that he knew nothing of the sign or finger languages. When asked how long he had been deaf, he answered in perfectly legible characters, "Ever since I was born."

Birthday Party at Tarrytown.

As previously announced in the JOURNAL, the birthday (not surprise) party tendered to Mrs. Victoria Greer, by the Sunnyside Social Club of Brooklyn, took place at her residence on Clifton St., Tarrytown, and was in all respects a fine affair. As the club is quite well known to the readers of the JOURNAL, it is unnecessary to head the modest record of the proceedings with the names of its members and officers.

The guests began to make their appearance about nine o'clock and still poured in till dancing commenced; and when all were present, it was observed that the assemblage was not as large as was anticipated, owing, doubtless, to the disagreeable state of the weather, but the parlors were well filled, and all were bent on having a pleasant time.

The dancing was under the charge of W. A. Bond as Floor Manager, with I. Beebe as assistant. Messrs. Charles O'Brien and Henry Greer, Misses Lizzie Reed and Carrie Denike are the names of the committee who had charge of the table, and they did all in their power to please the guests. They deserve great credit for the manner in which they attended to the wants of all present.

Dancing was interrupted by a call to form into a promenade, and the obdurate secretary of the club headed the line with a Tarrytown lass. When all had caught a glimpse of the call, they took up the line of march for the table, which was tastefully loaded with the most tempting viands. After partaking of these, and spending a few moments more in the parlors, most of the guests dispersed for their respective homes.

The "Siders," being unable to catch the homeward-bound train that night, took things leisurely, and had good naps till Sunday morning's light put in its appearance, and the first one who rose from his slumber began so loud a "sneezing" that he awoke all of his companions, though they were totally deaf and therefore unable to hear it.

The writer cannot say with perfect truthfulness that he went to sleep, because possibly he may have kept up "love-making" with his young lady companion. Anyway he thinks that the appearance of the ladies was more attractive than that of the gentlemen.

Messrs. M. Heyman, P. Witschief, J. A. Dunlap, G. L. Reynolds, E. Hodgson and R. Crawford were the only gentlemen that came from New York city.

WILLIAM ARROWSMITH.

Brooklyn, Nov. 18, 1875.

A Wooden Wedding.

The writer was invited to be present at the wooden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Van Tassel, at their residence, on Washington Heights, and as he had a truly delightful time, he has penned the following account of it.

The company was made up of deaf and dumb ladies and gentlemen—old and young, grave and gay. Of course it was an intelligent, sprightly and pleasant one, as it had a sprinkling of mechanics, typists, professors and others, and all were evidently bent on having a good time. A bountifully set table awaited the guests. It had been provided by the ladies. "All went merry as a marriage bell." The names of the gentlemen members of the committee are Messrs. S. M. Brown and Stratton; the ladies names were not made known to the writer.

After partaking of the hospitalities, the guests returned to the parlors, and filled up the hours with chatting, "laughing" and dancing, but as the writer lingered behind, he cannot give much account of the rest of the evening.

The guests began to disperse as early as 11 o'clock, all showering their best wishes upon the host and hostess and wishing them life-long prosperity and happiness. The presents were in fine taste, but were so numerous that we have not space to enumerate them.

It is unnecessary to give the names of the guests present, but we will simply say that several members of the Grand Lodge of the E. S. Society were present, as well as members of the Adelphi, the Silents, the Manhattan Literary Association, and the Sunnyside Social Club of Brooklyn.

(The ladies must excuse the writer if he is in error about any particular in this description.)

Miss P. Lewis appeared in a rich black silk costume, which is regarded as so stylish at present. It was finished by handsome lace, and enriched by articles of jewelry.

Mrs. Stratton's costume was in excellent taste and very becoming. The color was auburn, and it was trimmed at the neck and sleeves with lace.

Miss A. Dickinson wore a charming costume of black silk, finished with black lace at the neck and sleeves.

Miss F. Jones appeared in an elegant, orange-colored dress which was very becoming.

Mrs. P. Witschief's costume was very appropriate, and was trimmed with white lace.

Mrs. S. M. Brown's toilet was very handsome, made of black silk, relieved with lace and jewelry.

Mrs. Campbell wore a charming costume, her dress being trimmed with dark blue ribbons.

Mrs. C. W. Van Tassel was attending the table, and we cannot say exactly what costume she wore.

The other ladies were speaking ones, and the writer did not learn their names. The gentlemen's costumes were for the most part their day ones.

In closing this hastily written article, we would say that we are glad to be identified with the pleasures, if not the

toils of the committee, and when they were to the discharge of another similar pleasant duty, we hope to have the opportunity of enjoying that occasion also.

WILLIAM ARROWSMITH.

Brooklyn, Nov. 28, 1875.

The Central New York Institution.

Plenty of snow, continuous cold weather, and hence splendid sleighing, skating and other winter joys are foregone conclusions with us. Principal Johnson's elegant cutter has been on the go daily during the week, and adds much to the health, to say nothing of the pleasure of the head and subordinates of the school. But Kittle the horse; she, like many another before her, likes to roam, or rather displayed a sudden and very temporary propensity to such things the other night, but on second thought she concluded it didn't pay and in sturdy horse language renounced such pranks at once, and it is hoped, forever.

The first thanksgiving at the institution was held yesterday with appropriate ceremonies. Morning chapel services were held by the principal; dinner at two, roast turkey and all the accompaniments were served in profusion, and appreciated with appetites keen and lasting. The following were present at this initial Thanksgiving: The officers, Principal Johnson, Profs. Selney and Chamblain, lady teachers, Misses Hendrick and Roe, the matron, Mrs. Smith, and the assistant, Miss Jackson, the housekeeper, Miss Halstead, a lady guest, Mrs. Weeks, and Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Tuttle, of Geneva, N. Y., also guests. Of the older and more advanced pupils there were, girls: Boardsley, Johnson, Smith, Skye, Mackey; boys: Morgan, Schonten, Hoxie, and forty odd younger ones. In the evening suitable games were played, the elders in a spacious room by themselves, and the younger ones in an adjoining room. Profs. S. and C. initiated these latter into the mysteries of the button game, which, after a few passes, they comprehended perfectly; and so the intervening hours till bed time sped for them all too rapidly, but they were tucked away as soon as the youngest had given expression to a yawn.

The classes are all making very satisfactory progress, and parents and friends are alike pleased with the progress and care of the pupils here.

C. S. M.

Rome, N. Y., Nov. 26th, 1875.

School for Deaf-Mutes.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE MANNER OF TEACHING—HOW THE DEAF ARE MADE TO HEAR AND THE DUMB TO SPEAK.

(From the Cincinnati Commercial, Nov. 28, 1875.)

"Come up and see our school for deaf-mutes!"

"I'll do it."

"When?"

"Now."

"And write it up?"

"Yes."

"Good enough. This is the first successful effort to establish a school for deaf-mutes in Cincinnati, and it ought to be encouraged. Don't you think so?"

"I think a description of the school would make some interesting reading."

The conversation was between the reporter and a member of the Board of Education. Less than three weeks ago the board decided that the deaf-mutes of the city, whose parents were unable to send them away to school, should have the advantages accorded to their more fortunate companions, a free school in their own city, where they could attend and still remain in the city under the care of parents and friends.

While nearly every State in the Union has provided excellent schools for deaf-mutes, they are simply located at one point in the State, and the poor unfortunate, who are less able to leave home and go among strangers than any other class, are forced so to do if they obtain any of that education of which they stand in so great need.

Cincinnati is probably the first city to set the example of establishing schools for these unfortunate in connection with the district schools, and it is to be hoped that it will be imitated by every city in the land whose population is sufficient to warrant such action.

"How many pupils have you in the school?"

The question was asked at random by the reporter, as he walked up Vine St. with the member.

"Not over twenty," was the reply; "but that is nearly as many as one man can teach. The operations of the school-room are much more detailed in nature than with others, and one teacher can not take care of as many as where he can talk to them and make them readily understand."

"Do they all live in the city?"

"Yes; all he has at present. You should have seen how eager both the children and their parents were to take advantage of the opportunity offered. They were enrolled on Wednesday, after we decided to open the school, and they could scarcely be persuaded to wait until the next Monday for the school to open. Said one father: 'This boy is the smartest of my twelve children, and I couldn't bear the idea of sending him away from home among strangers. I am very glad the school has been established.' They all thoroughly appreciate the advantages offered them, I assure you."

By this time the school-room had been reached. It is in the second story of the Intermediate School building on Ninth street, near Main, and opens off the room occupied by Professor Fillmore, the Principal of the school. The reporter was received by the principal, who kindly laid aside his multitudinous duties to lead the way to the school-room.

"The teacher, Mr. McGregor," he said, "is himself a graduate of a school for deaf-mutes, having lost his hearing at the age of seven, and almost entirely forgotten how to speak before he entered the State school at Columbus. He, how-

ever, converses very readily now, having good use of his organs of speech and a ready flow of language. He is a fine scholar and a gentleman in every particular."

He threw open the door to the school-room. To the general observer there was nothing to indicate that it was not an ordinary school. The pupils, keen-eyed, active and restless, were seated at desks arranged as in the ordinary school-room. Before them on the desks, or in their hands, were books, slates and writing material, and on the blackboards were the usual characters and characteristics incident to the school-room.

The teacher was seated at a desk instructing a single pupil. Classes in schools of this description are difficult of management, especially when the pupils are but just commencing. His back was toward the door, and he, as was every pupil, was unconscious of the entrance of anyone into the room. All was silence to them, a complete and eternal silence. The heaviest footfalls, the banging of doors, or the usual clatter of the school-room, were unheeded here. The instructor, although not entirely deaf, is so nearly so that, without the education received at the deaf-mute schools, he probably would be without the use of language. By means, however, of the education acquired at the Columbus school and at the College at Washington he is able to articulate readily, and by watching the motion of the lips, aided by his ability to hear under certain circumstances, he is able to carry on a conversation with ease and intelligence. He is himself a marked example of the triumph attained in this branch of teaching.

The pupils were, most of them, young, but three or four in the school being apparently over twelve years of age. But two of the whole number had ever attended school before, yet in the two weeks since the school opened most of them have learned the manual alphabet so that they can "pronounce" with the hand any letter pointed out to them.

The teacher, on being made aware of the reporter's presence and errand, greeted him heartily. He had, he said, plenty to do with his pupils, but was glad to give any needed information which might prove beneficial to the deaf of the city or to the public at large.

It was difficult for the reporter to realize that the person addressing him, speaking so readily and excellently, was unable to hear the sound of his own voice, or, except under the most favorable circumstances, a sound of any kind. Yet such was the case; but by carefully watching the reporter's lips, and by what he was enabled to hear, he experienced no difficulty in conversing readily.

He was, he said, much pleased with his school.

Had he taught before? the reporter asked.

"Yes," he replied; "I taught three years at Frederick, Maryland."

"And do you think the school here will be a success?"

"Yes; my pupils are all doing well. They spell words of three letters already."

"What is the plan pursued in teaching?"

"I teach them first to make the letters with the hand. I write the letters on the board, and teach them to form them first."

Here he arose and walked across the room, touched a boy on the shoulder, and motioned him to the board. There was no way of calling him except by going to him. The boy eagerly took his place at the board, looking with a keen, anxious gaze from the teacher to the letters, and from the letters to the teacher. He was fully alive to the situation. He thoroughly enjoyed learning, as the sparkle in his eyes and the eager manner showed.

The instant that the pointer touched a letter the hand came up in a grotesque shape. Another letter, and the hand changed shape in an instant. Another, and another, and still another, and the little fingers fairly flew into the various formations needed, and the change from one letter to another was instantaneous and without the least effort. He could evidently "say his letters." The bright eyes sparkled and danced, the lips moved, and a short, quick laugh of satisfaction, unheard by any in the room save the reporter, showed how thoroughly pleased the little fellow was with his success. He was allowed to take his seat, and for the next fifteen minutes his companion in the adjoining seat employed himself in making grimaces at him to show his jealousy at his having been allowed to "show off" at the expense of the others.

"You teach them the letters first," said the reporter; "what then?"

"Then we teach them to write and spell out small words. Words convey ideas, and we must give them the words in some way, and teach them what they mean. For instance, I write the word 'box.' I teach the boy to spell it on his hand, and then, by pantomime, show him that the word means a box, so with the word cow. After he spells it, I, by pantomime, give him to understand what animal it represents. So with such words as 'good,' 'bad,' &c., by the expression of the countenance, or by motions, I can teach them the meaning of almost any word."

"Then, after they learn the meaning of the words, they spell them out on their fingers in conversation with one another, do they?"

"Yes, part of them. In ordinary conversation, however, they spell out only a small proportion of the words and express the others by motions or expressions. The principal object in teaching them the letters on their fingers is to be able to communicate to them the meaning of words. Then, with these words ideas may be furnished, and more words presented."

Here a pupil in the farthest corner of the room commenced a series of gesticulations calculated to catch the teacher's eye. The moment he caught it, his fingers commenced flying, accompanied by motions of the head and body. The motions were more graceful, the formation of the letters by the hand more

rapid, and the general pantomime much less.

"He was asking," said the teacher, "the meaning of the word 'despise.' He always asks the meaning of any words he does not understand."

"How long has he attended school?"

"Five years. He attended in Columbus. I will show you a sample of his composition."

The instructor crossed the room, and taking the pupil's slate, returned with it. On it had been written a number of words to be used in the formation of sentences. The sentences were neatly written beneath them. Below is a correct copy of the form given the pupil, and also of the sentences formed by him and written on the slate. It will be seen that in his case the most difficult portion of the task had been completed, and he is in a condition to readily receive ideas through that only channel, words.

The words given are those written by the instructor, to be used in the formation of sentences. The sentences which follow are those written by the pupil.

You, The, She, Mr. The, (noun.) I, It, Are, They, Will, The, (noun.)

Are you going to visit the Ohio river? Yes.

Are they pleased to work in the manufactory chair? Yes.

Are the bad boys and girls often disobedient their parents and teachers? Yes.

Will you please to ask your friend to give you a picture book?

Will she want wash the dishes and sew her dress?

Will Mr. Fay may come and visit this school-house?

Will the lion want to kill a cow and eat it?

Will it light to-day?

When will I may decide to go to Columbus or I stay here?

On another part of the slate was written, for the teacher's private eyes:

"I am very feeling free that you will punish me." "Do you like some scholars?"

This pupil, a young man of twenty, has been five years in school. He, with one other, are the only pupils in the school who had made any advancement before the opening of the present session.

By the permission of Professor McGregor, the instructor, the reporter briefly interviewed the young man through the medium of pencil and paper. The questions were written by the reporter and quickly answered by the pupil. It was especially noticeable that he, while following the pencil, kept his fingers constantly in motion. He was evidently spelling the words out on his fingers as they were written down.

The following are the questions written by the reporter and the answers given:

Question—Do you like the school? Answer—I like the school, yes. When I will leave the school one year. I always love work hard.

Q. Do you like this better than Columbus? A. I like in Cincinnati.

Q. Do you live here? A. I live on Twelve Main between Buckeye and Eden.

Q. Do you read the papers? A. I often read it.

Q. Shall I put your name in the paper? A. My name is Lewis Menke. It's twenty years old.

The other pupil who has been in school before is about fourteen years of age, and begins to write simple sentences.

After the pupils learn to form sentences, pantomime is discouraged as much as possible, and the formation of full sentences and proper expression of thought urged. During the first two or three years books especially prepared are used, but after that the ordinary text-books are given them. In most parts of the United States the legal term of attendance is seven years, in which time the pupils generally acquire sufficient knowledge of education for the ordinary affairs of life.

The College at Washington is intended for teachers, and those who go as high as in any college. This requires seven or eight years more of application. Most of the teachers in the schools throughout the country are deaf-mutes. In the Columbus Institute, out of the twenty-seven teachers there are but one or two who hear.

After a thorough comprehension of letters and a readiness to receive ideas has been acquired, some learn to articulate. They are, however, few, and among those who have never heard are very rare, being not more than one-tenth the number. Those who have once heard the human voice, however, and learned to talk, are more liable to regain the faculty of speech.

The majority of the deaf-mutes in this country have become so by sickness or by accident since birth. In Europe, however, the reverse is true. Of the population in the United States, about one in two thousand is deaf and dumb, and in Europe the proportion is one to fifteen hundred. Deafness is more frequent among Caucasians than any other race, and is especially noticeable in cold climates and in regions where consanguineous marriages are practiced.

The first successful attempt to teach the deaf and dumb was about the middle of the sixteenth century, by Pedro Ponce, a Benedictine monk of Spain, Jerome Cardan, of Pavia, had, however, said before that time, "Writing is associated with speech, and speech with thought; but written characters and ideas may be connected together without the intervention of words. The instruction of the deaf and dumb is difficult, but possible."

The first school for deaf-mutes in this country was opened at Hartford, in 1815, by Rev. T. H. Gallaudet. He gained great distinction as a teacher of the deaf and dumb, and after his death a monument was erected to his memory by contributions from deaf-mutes. The design was also furnished by artists from the schools he had established.

There are now in the United States some forty institutions, attended by about

six thousand pupils. The new district school established in Cincinnati is, however, the first of the kind in the country, and is likely to prove popular as furnishing the instruction to the pupils at their homes, thus precluding both the expense and anxiety attendant upon the sending away from home of the unfortunate but always favorite members of the family.

The instructor of the school, Mr. Robert P. McGregor, is a native of Hamilton County, and, judged by preparation, experience and ability, is thoroughly fitted for the position. As to his pupils, did those of the common schools exhibit one-half the interest which they do they would undoubtedly succeed far better than at present in their pursuit of knowledge.

News of the Week.

A sailor of the ship Orpheus, which came in collision with and sunk the steamer Pacific, has given testimony tending to show that the captain of the Orpheus was accountable for the disaster.

William B. Astor died in New York city on Wednesday of pneumonia, at the age of eighty-three years. He was the owner of property to the amount of a hundred millions of dollars.

The veterans of 1812 celebrated evacuation day in New York, Thursday.

The Welland canal will not close before the middle of December, unless very cold weather sets in.

Rev. Gavin Long's action to obtain possession of certain funds from the Presbyterian church of Canada, alleged to belong to the Scotch church, has been dismissed.

Additional Spanish troops to the number of 1,365 men have embarked for Cuba.

Sixteen fishermen have been drowned off the coast of Fifehire, England.

The Mercantile Bank of Leeds, England, has suspended, with liabilities placed at \$350,000.

Charles D. Whyland, one of the proprietors of the St. Elmo Chicago restaurant, was shot on Thursday evening by a drunken gambler, Hank Davis, the bullet lodging in Whyland's brain, and proving fatal almost instantly.

About four o'clock Friday afternoon, while three Brooklyn boys were playing in an excavation, part of the bank gave way suddenly, burying them alive. When assistance came they were taken from beneath the mass of earth, but life had become extinct, and the bodies were removed to the house of the grief-stricken parents.

The British government is evidently aiming to control the navigation of the Suez canal. Cable telegrams report purchases of one hundred and seventy seven thousand shares of the stock, and hint at the payment of loans that will give the entire property into the possession of the British government. This will lend an additional impetus to the Darien ship canal project.

The general freightagents of the trunk lines leading east, at Chicago, Friday, decided on an advance for fourth class freight, flour and grain, shipped to eastern points as follows: To New York, 45 cents; Boston, 50 cents; Baltimore, 40 cents; Buffalo, 25 cents. This is an advance of five cents. The rates go into effect this month.

Governor Ingersoll, of Connecticut, has appointed ex-Governor James E. English United States Senator, in place of the late Senator Ferry.

The body of the late Vice President Wilson was received in Boston Sunday with public honors.

Le Nord, the Russian organ, says that the purchase by England of the Suez Canal stock will not affect the peace of Europe.

The following are the most prominent candidates for the Speakership of the House of Representatives: Kerr, of Indiana; Cole, New York; Randall, Pennsylvania; Walker, Virginia; and Saylor, Ohio.

The Supreme Court affirms the opinion of the Court of Claims that the Pacific railroad has a right to retain one-half its earnings on account of government transportation.

There will be no Treasury gold sale in December.

The Centennial fund needs \$1,500,000 before the exhibition can be assured to open in May.

The Russians lost heavily in the khokand campaign.

The Abyssinians have surprised and killed 1,200 soldiers.

The Canadian government has forwarded 700 barrels of flour to the needy of the Magdalen Islands.

With its December number the National Sunday School Teacher closes its first decade. Those who have been familiar with it and with the Sunday-school cause during that time know that it has had, as its Prospects says, ten years of leadership and of success. Its course has been one of progress from the beginning, and this number seems to have reached the climax of excellence. The first three articles, "Doubting Thomases," by Rev. Lyman Abbot; "Simon the Rock," by Rev. J. C. Taylor, and "The Church of the Holy Sepulcher," by Prof. E. C. Mitchel, are in the line of the lessons for the month. "The Training of Young Disciples," by Rev. Lyman Whiting, D. D., is an admirable contribution upon a subject that needs much discussion. The lesson expositions put such a wealth of rich material into the possession of the teacher that it is impossible for him to exhaust his store in dealing it out again to his class. To have something so well worth teaching is to be an enthusiastic teacher. The editorial departments have earned a wide reputation for their pertinency, wit, and practical helpfulness. By all means obtain a specimen number of Adams, Blackmer, & Lyon

Facts and Fancies.

Relative beauty—a pretty cousin.

Smart articles—mustard poultices.

They that govern make the least noise.

A Chicago paper calls old women matrons.

What men going down hill want—checks.

Revenue cutters—Government scissors.

A good name keeps its luster in the dark.

Shells of the ocean—gunboat ammunition.

Latest thing in front door locks—night-key.

Report is a quick traveler, but an unsafe guide.

Miss directed energy—running after your sweet-heart.

The dentist's epitaph—"He is filling his last cavity."

The man who would like to see you—The blind man.

The good little bootblack's epitaph—Come to shine among the angels.

The ex-Emperor Carlotta is growing crazier, according to the Belgian reporters.

Red as used on a railroad signifies danger, and says stop. It should be so construed when displayed on a man's nose.

A maiden's heart is like a hotel bed—you may never discover the previous occupant, but you may be sure there has been one.

An Iowa man rushed excitedly into a lawyer's office and said, "A man has tied a hoop to my horse's tail. Can I do anything about it?" "Yes, go and untie it—fee \$5."

A pair of timbics and their descendants have used the same nesting place for more than ninety years at Oxbridge, Eng. It is a bottle in an apple tree which was left there in 1779.

Advertisement from a Washington paper: "Wanted, a well-rested youth in my office. Preference given to one who has not forgotten more than an employer knows. Address," etc.

Some Pennsylvania workmen recently engaged in excavating, found a gold watch several feet below the surface. They thought they had found the original bank where the wild time grew.

A conscientious farmer in Lewiston, Maine, wiped the mud from his cart wheels before permitting his load of hay to go on the scales to be weighed. Such men are never sent to the State Legislature.

"Mama!" exclaimed a little four year old Whitehall as his mother was trying to get an apron on him that he had outgrown, "you nuss' eizer dit a smaller boy or a bigger apron."—*Whitehall Times.*

The St. Joe Herald would publish the young lady's poem if it could possibly make "rhinoceros" rhyme with "Queen Elizabeth," or "gazelle" with "washing machine," but it can't—not even "by the wildest process of versification."

Rev. Charles Fisher, of Hartford, Ct., has married 1,600 couples. It is said that he would have retired from the business long ago, but the kissing of brides has become such a confirmed habit with him that he can't quit it without an attack of delirium tremens.

She was brushing his hair, and he enjoyed being fussed over amazingly. Rolling up his eyes, he said: "My dear, why was Columbus, when he landed in America, like me now?" She couldn't tell him, and he explained: "Because he was tickled at being just over."

It was a good thing for her that she opened her eye. She was in a coffin, ready for burial, in Bradford, Mass., having been there for two days in a state resembling death. A relative was astonished to see the supposed corpse open an eye, and then she was revived and is likely to recover.

Our Dan remarked to his wife last evening, as he left home for his office: "I'll be back by 10 o'clock if I don't meet with any serious pull-back." "It won't be well for you to meet any pull-backs, Daniel, serious or smiling, if I know of it," said his better half, in tones which indicated that she meant it.

Three sharpers managed recently to ride from Omaha to Chicago on one ticket. They took seats at some distance from each other and established communication by means of a string run along the outside of the car, on which, after giving up his ticket, No. 1 sent his check to No., and No. 2, after showing his check, forwarded it to No. 3.

A striking instance of the fatal power of drunkenness to accomplish the ruin of a once respectable family was seen at Denbigh, in Wales, the other day, when John Simon, the parish clerk, was found dead in his chair in the kitchen. At the time of the inquest his widow was so drunk that she could not give her evidence. In their house there was no bed nor bedclothes, and the parents with their five children were obliged to sleep in one room on rugs stuffed with shavings.

A drag driven by an elegantly attired lady, and with a trim and neatly dressed colored boy perched on the footman's seat behind, was passing through the streets, when it was espied by an old negro woman, "Bress da Lord," she exclaimed, raising her hands as she spoke, "Bress da Lord, I never 'spected to see dat. Wonder what dat collud young gentleman pays dat young white 'oman fur drivin' dat korrige! I know'd it'd come, but never 'spected to lib to see it. Dis nigga's ready to go, wya now."

An Englishman who had been traveling in the United States one month, wrote home:

If you were to ask me what has struck me most since I came I should say:

First that down to the present date we have not in our travels been asked for alms by man, woman nor child.

Second. That we have not yet seen a soldier.

Third. The total absence of book advertisements in many American papers of circulation.

Fourth. The very inferior literary character of many newspapers of good standing and repute.

Paul Morphy was famous fifteen years ago as a chess-player. He went to Europe and for a twelvemonth was more talked of and lionized than any other man of that period. His parents did not wish him to exhibit himself, having moral scruples at war with games and such notoriety as was his. He disregarded their wishes, hence remorse. He disappeared as suddenly as he came into view, and for a long time the world has known nothing of him. His remorse made him morbid, melancholy man, and he is now an inmate of a private asylum, where he has resided for the past three months, and whence he will perhaps never emerge alive, as he is considered to be hopelessly insane.

Jones had prepared himself for a home dinner to his liking. He sat down in his dining room with all the world and said, "Now, Hannah, bring the cold mutton. No hot meat for me this weather." Hannah hesitated for a minute and said, "But I done give it away, sir." "Give it away! Give my dinner away!" "Yes, sir. You said if any tramps called I was to give them the cold shoulder."

A refreshment saloon in London has been finished inside in such a manner as to be readily washed out with a hose. The floor is paved, the walls are of masonry, and the ceiling is covered with enameled sheet iron. When it is desired to clean the room, the furniture is removed, the hose is laid on, and the place is simply drenched and flooded till clean.

Among the public houses of London there are 87 King's Arms, 23 Queen's Arms, 49 King's Heads, and 60 Queen's Heads. The signs of the Royal Oak number 26, of the Royal Standard, 12. To the Prince of Wales 49 taverns are dedicated; to the late Prince Albert, 23; to the Iron Duke, 26, and to Lord Nelson, 22. Among the lions are 74 red, 26 white, 17 golden, and innumerable blue ones. The number of Saracen's Heads, George and Dragons, White Swans, Bulls black and white, Bull's Heads, &c., is almost beyond computation.

The inconsistencies of our orthography are some something fearful to contemplate. T-o-n-g-u-e spells "tongue," and the man who spelt it should have been longue. A-e-h spells "ache," and that's all your can make out of it. E-i-g-h-t spells "eight," no matter how you deprecate the idea; and that a-i-s-l-e should spell "aisle" and f-e-i-g-n "foign" is enough to make anybody snarl, if the effect were not too painful.

In Nevada, when a building falls and kills two or three people, the jury first hunt up the contractor and hang him, and then bring in a verdict that nobody is to blame but the contractor, who cannot be found.

A Louisville man complained of marble table-cloths at one of the restaurants. He said he didn't like to wipe his mouth with a tombstone in the absence of a napkin.

Genius makes its observations in shorthand; talent writes them out at length.

According to the Free Press, the boy who don't care to have a sled lives in Detroit. He is sick dead, however.

A crusty old bachelor explains that the reason a woman puts her finger in her mouth when she thinks is because she cannot talk and think at the same time.

A Work for the Million.

The Most Remarkable Production of the Age. HISTORY REDUCED TO A SCIENCE.

BY PROF. F. A. EMERY.

A LARGE CHART ILLUSTRATING RELIGION AND SCIENCE, their agency and operation in the Fall and Restoration of Man (Society). A scientific delineation of history, based on Mathematics and the laws of cycles or circular time, and approximating to the probable date of the Millennium, and end of the first cycle of time. Accompanied by a Manual explanatory of the Chart, briefly demonstrating the truth of the Chart, and enlarging upon the Twelve Actions of History.

To which is appended a brief Biography and the Phenological Character of the Author.

Price of Chart, beautifully colored, with Manual nicely bound, \$3.00.

Price of Chart, plain, with Manual nicely bound, \$2.00.

Mailed free on receipt of price.

Address Mrs. Prof. F. A. Emery, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

This Chart is so original and unique that it must be seen to be appreciated.

His biographer (Dr. Woodworth, Prof. in the Am. University of Phila.) says: "These charts, with his books, are really remarkable productions, especially so for a SELF-EDUCATED MAN, and he is off from his successors advantages; that up to, to speak, within himself, and thrown entirely upon his own resources. They transcend anything known in the 'silent world,' and are unequalled by anything of the kind ever attempted by anyone."

A Deaf-Mute Festival at Mexico.

A festival under the auspices of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association, will be held in the village of Mexico, N. Y., on the evening of December 20th next. Dr. Galland will hold a service for deaf-mutes in Grace Church at 7 o'clock p. m., at which time candidates will be received for baptism. At the conclusion of the church service, the twenty-third annual meeting of the festival which will extend through the evening. An abundance of substantial refreshments will be provided so that no deaf-mute will be left to go home hungry. The "star festival" of the season for the deaf and dumb. The night will be passed in innocent and healthful amusements and games, and, more, we hope, will have occasion to regret being present. A general invitation and hearty welcome are extended to all deaf-mutes, both near and far, and also to their speaking friends.

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Eighteen hundred and seventy-six is the Centennial year. It is also the year in which an Opposition House of Representatives, the first since the war, will be in power at Washington; and the year of the twenty-third annual meeting of the festival which will extend through the evening. An abundance of substantial refreshments will be provided so that no deaf-mute will be left to go home hungry. The "star festival" of the season for the deaf and dumb. The night will be passed in innocent and healthful amusements and games, and, more, we hope, will have occasion to regret being present. A general invitation and hearty welcome are extended to all deaf-mutes, both near and far, and also to their speaking friends.